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THE

Forſaken LOVER.

Tune *Farewel thou flower of falſe deceit.*

I Run my finger into a buſh,
Thinking the ſweeteſt roſe to find;
I prick'd my finger to the bone,
And left the ſweeteſt roſe behind.

If roſes be ſuch a fading flower
They muſt be gather'd when they're green;
And ſhe that loves an unkind man,
'Tis like ſtriving againſt the ſtream.

Againſt the ſtream, love, I dare not go,
Becauſe the ſtream it runs ſo ſtrong;
I'm deadly 'fraid I'm one of thoſe,
That lov'd an unkind man too long.

I wiſh to Chriſt my babe was born,
And ſmiling in its daddy's arms,
And I myſelf wrapt up in clay,
Then ſhould I be free from all harm.

I leant my back againſt an oak,
Thinking it a truſty tree:
Firſt it bow'd, and then it broke,
And ſo did my falſe love to me.

Had I but kept my apron down,
My love had ne'er forſaken me,
But now he walks up and down the town
With a harlot, and not with me.

What makes the Weſtern winds to blow,
To blow the green leaves from the tree?
Come death, come death, and end my woe,
For a maiden more, love, I ne'er can be.

I caſt my anchor in the ſea,
And it ſunk down into the ſand;
And ſo did my heart in my body,
When I took my falſe love by the hand.